

Gene Sarazen's Victory

New Champion Is Qualified To Wear National Open Crown

Possesses Fine, Compact Swing and Sound Game of Golf; Has Proved Worth in Tournament Play; Third Home Bred "Pro" to Win Title

By Grantland Rice

CHICAGO, July 16.—Little Gene Sarazen, black of hair and dark of skin, with his brown eyes shining as brightly as a summer sun, has given thousands of American caddies a new impetus as he takes his seat upon the throne of golf at the age of twenty-one. Gene himself was one of the freckle-faced Westchester County caddies only four years ago, when he finally began to swing a golf club with such keen effect that Fort Wayne, Ind., decided to start him off as the club pro. And when we arrived at Inverness, Toledo, two years ago we recall the big slogan of the day from the Fort Wayne delegation was, "Look out for Sarazen."

He wasn't much higher than a masher then and he hasn't grown any since, but he had a thick, strong body, a pair of good hands and strong wrists, with a brace of sturdy legs that could easily have carried a six-foot tackle into gridiron action, and despite his lack of height and willowy leverage he could always lay into the ball with a lumpy crack that held his own in length with the best of the pros. At 6 feet 3 1/2, gives us to Sarazen, the shortest, 5 feet 6—further proof that golf is not a matter of physical mold.

Has Sound, Compact Game
We have played several rounds of golf with Sarazen at various times and have watched him coming steadily along. To note, above all else, his compactness of style and his fine disposition for competitive play. He is so compact himself that his game could be little else, for he is almost as close to the ground as the ball itself. We have never seen him when he was not smiling down the middle of the course, at least, as straight as any one can get in this involved pastime. His tee shots usually wind up with a slight hook, but his iron travel in a straight line.

Sarazen's victory was no part of a fluke. He began to get his swing well grooved a year ago, when he first started the vast golf colony by annihilating Jack Hutchison in the P. G. A. championship. The fact that Jack was then British open champion and P. G. A. champion meant nothing in the life of the sturdy ex-caddy, who has always refused to be depressed by his opponent's renown when going into his matches. He has never been out of the Southern open in New Orleans from a big, fast field, where \$1,000 was hung up for the top prize.

His play through the spring and early summer has been so good that he has been called the "little prodigy" and when he arrived at Skokie he had the type of confidence that counts. We had a long talk with Gene the day before the championship started after he had qualified well.

Sarazen Full of Confidence

"I'll tell you how I feel about it," he said, in a field like this one where the winner and the runner-up are both to have his share of the breaks. The breaks go with the winner every time, but I'm hitting the ball as well as I ever hit it in my life, and if I can only play my game I ought to be able to close out the course. I've been close around the hole a few times, but this time I don't want to let one or two bad holes discourage you. Whatever happens, I am going to keep on playing along, for when you begin to get a little tired and you slip a stroke or two it's the easiest thing in the world to lose heart and then break badly. I may not win, but at least I am not going to quit trying until I've holed my last putt."

Sarazen has a face as sunny as one of the Italian children who stand upon his ancestors. He is a friendly, likable kid, unspoiled, and in no way fresh or conceited. He has within him the unlimited confidence that must always accompany any one whose goal is to win, with a heart as sturdy as his body.

After Friday's double round he was tied with Walter Hagen at 146, four strokes back of the veteran John Black. At the end of the third round, with only one stroke to go, he was tied with Hagen at 146, four strokes back of Bobby Jones and Bill Melhorn, the two leaders. This outward 9 on his third journey came near eliminating him from the championship, for he began to miss putt, and finally needed 40 at the turn.

Champion Is a Game Gopher

But here he showed his gameness when he settled down to winning golf, showing home in 35. His final round proved the heart of a true champion. After looking over the score he figured that it would take at least a 285 to win. He needed a brilliant 68, two under par, to reach the figures. When he took a 4 at the short second hole this goal was faint and far away, but he immediately swept back into the running by two fine birdies at the next two holes. The third hole it of the hardest 4s on the course. Here Sarazen got his 3, and from that point on he was flying.

After getting out in 33 he came back at the same swift pace. Reaching the sixteenth he faced two of the most testing holes on the course, where the par is 4 and 5. He needed two 4s for his victory and he got them by flawless golf, including a magnificent 240-yard shot to the final green, which is 470 yards from the tee. The glory that Sarazen earned was almost matched by the game and brilliant battles which John Black and Bobby Jones fought to the final putt. Both merely lacked the break of fortune that must always travel with the conqueror in golf. Jones had 39 to tie the final line. He slipped a stroke at the tenth and twelfth. Yet in each case he was struck off magnificent drives, followed by firmly hit pitches to the pin. In each the ball failed to bite quite enough upon the greens, that were hardened under the sun and wind.

Bobby Jones Unfortunate
At the 550-yard fifteenth his second was only twelve feet from the cup. A there meant a sure tie. His putt came to straight as an arrow to the center of the cup, but less than an inch away suddenly pulled up, quivered on the green and then hung. John Black's downfall was even more dramatic. He had even par at the two holes to tie. It was to see that the burden of years had begun to tell before this, when he had there his body began to get ahead of his arms, a sure sign of physical fatigue.

A 6 at the par 4 seventeenth would have pulled him through, but he swung too rapidly, checked his body and let his hands come flying swiftly through a bad hook, far out of bounds amid the trees to the left. This hole has a lot of trouble and a deep trap to the left, with a big bunker to the right. Where the tee shot, to leave an open trap for the hole, must be long and straight, with only a few yards' leeway. It is the hardest shot on the course. It cost Hagen two shots attempting to play safety to the right. It cost Jones and Black the championship play-off by boldy to the left, although Jones' drive was not over ten yards off a straight line to the pin from the tee. He could have reached home easily but for the fact that a maple branch swung

Gene Sarazen



out lazily over the course, only six feet from the ground, forcing him to play a long, low run up in place of a pick to the banked green. One more turn and the ball would have been on the green, but it stopped in a crevice six inches from the top of the two-foot bank.

Champions Off Form

Hagen could never get going after his first 68, while Barnes and Hutchison were both badly off their winning games. Neither could hit a consistent spell of playing. Bill Melhorn, the Shreveport homebred, deserves unusual credit for his fine golf all the way. On his last nine holes he had five putts for birdies, ranging from two to five feet. Four of these either hit the cup or rimmed it, where only one dropped. Melhorn is a fine putter, but fate wasn't pulling his way.

In the old days the big town had its share of amateur championships with Travis and Travers on guard. Its amateurs have made no great progress in national tests, but now one of its sons from a suburban hamlet has brought back twenty-one, an ex-carpenter from the big town is now located in Pittsburgh, but his golf began over Westchester fairways. He is the third homebred professional to reach the top of the far mountain where the stack of gold rests at the rainbow's end. He was one of Tommy Kerrigan's Swaney boys after leaving Apawamis, and Tommy had no small part in developing his game.

The great crowds from every walk of life which followed the play and proved their willingness to race and run over hill and hollow is further proof of the game's vast growth, where, if expenses can only be cut down, it will soon be the one main universal sport, for when the gates opened on Saturday morning the first in line were four Chinamen, and just back of them came a group of Chicago's elite. As for the leading contestants, there were an ex-caddy, aged twenty-two, an ex-carpenter from Fresno, Scotland, and Oakland, Calif., aged forty-three, and a young college graduate from an old Georgia family, who next fall will complete his education at Harvard. It is still the game for all ages, all classes and all climes.

Spencer Brothers Beat Piani And Kramer at Newark Saucer

Arthur and Willie Spencer defeated Frank Kramer and Orlando Piani, two of the best riders in the country, in two straight heats of a one-mile team match race at the Velodrome in Newark yesterday afternoon. Willie Spencer won the first heat for his team and Arthur the second. In the initial heat Arthur separated Kramer and Piani and they were unable to aid each other. Willie did the sprinting and won rather easily.

In the second heat Arthur sprinted around Kramer on the last lap, just gaining the decision. This heat was started five times before it was decided, punctures making it necessary to re-run the race so many times. When it finally was decided it was not without mishap, for Piani fell with a little more than a lap to go while riding at top speed. His front tire blew out and he suffered a nasty spill. The race was not rerun, and if Piani had not fallen the outcome might have been different.

Pierre Seargent, the French bike star, did not make any too good a showing in his initial appearance in this country, which was in a match race at heats of two-thirds of a mile against Eddie Madden. Madden defeated Seargent in two straight heats. In the first one he nipped Seargent at the tape after it appeared as if Seargent would win. Madden won the second heat by riding from in front and took Seargent around so fast that Pierre never had a chance.

Alex McBeath, who bids fair to become as classy a rider as Alfred Grenda, won two races yesterday. McBeath won an Australian pursuit race from Alfred Grenda. The race went three miles and one-quarter laps. For two miles it looked as if Grenda would win, but then Alf started to weaken and McBeath came through fast at the end.

McBeath won the ten-mile point race, which was run with a sprint every half mile for points, scoring five, three, two and one, while at the finish points scored twenty-five, fifteen, ten and five. McBeath won the race with thirty points. Alf Grenda was second with thirty-five; Alf Goulet finished third with twenty-seven. It was a gruelling race and the riders were all in when it was over.

There was a spill in the mile and out invitation, in which Dave Lands and Charles Manzo went down. When Lands got up he started punching Manzo, and his brother Mike then jumped into the scrap. Cops arrested the trio and they were taken to the station where they were charged with disorderly conduct.

Fred Taylor, the race, beating Fred Hill, Cliff Papworth, Bill Hanley and Willie Coburn.

Buddha Winner In Speed-Race On Jamaica Bay

Crosses Finish Line Alone When Belle, Other Starter, Has Engine Trouble

The Motor Boat Club of Jamaica Bay held an interesting regatta for all classes on Jamaica Bay yesterday. A fleet of twenty-one motor boats and one sailing yacht came to the starting line and took part in one of the most interesting races held so far this year by Jamaica Bay. The weather conditions were ideal for the driver craft that made excellent time around courses chosen by a race committee made up of L. Koefoed, chairman; F. R. Miner, Charles Greene and John F. Young.

Interest centered in the high speed class over fifty feet rating. There were two starters and these were sent over an eight and a half mile course. What looked like a good race was spoiled when A. Unser's Belle had engine trouble and stopped. It left Buddha, the property of H. Hazen, to chuck over the finish line alone.

In the division for cruisers, 30 to 45 feet rating, the winner was Marion B. the property of T. McKee, Midget Squadron. Marion B. beat Stewart IV, J. Kuhn, Old Mill Yacht Club, owner, by 40 seconds for the prize. The racing in the open and half cabin launches was the closest of the season. No less than five crossed the finish line with less than 20 seconds between the first and last craft. The winner was Arc Kohnen, which belonged to E. Roman. On both actual and corrected time, the winner in the class for all boats under 30-foot rating was won by W. Lemfesty's Marion. In the class for all boats over 45-foot rating, the first across the line was Mora's Solidarity, in the open cabin division, E. Schmeitner's Mira won a sail-over prize.

The summary:
CRUISERS—30 TO 45 FT. RATING—START, 2:05—COURSE, 10 MILES

Boat	Owner	Time	Corrected
Marion B.	T. McKee	1:23:20	1:23:20
Stewart IV	J. Kuhn	1:23:25	1:23:25
Ruth P. Tripp	1:23:32	1:23:32	
Mar B. J. C. Jr.	1:23:35	1:23:35	
Open and Half Cabin Boats—START 2:07—COURSE, 8 MILES			
Marion B.	1:16:21	1:16:21	
Stewart IV	1:16:25	1:16:25	
Trixie G. Engstrand	1:16:28	1:16:28	
Chico V. Graves	1:16:31	1:16:31	
Chico V. Graves	1:16:31	1:16:31	
Myer	1:16:35	1:16:35	
Myer	1:16:35	1:16:35	
Myer	1:16:35	1:16:35	

Myer P. G. Fitch did not finish.

ALL BOATS UNDER 30 FT. RATING—START 2:11—COURSE, 8 MILES

Boat	Owner	Time	Corrected
Marion B.	1:16:21	1:16:21	
Stewart IV	1:16:25	1:16:25	
Trixie G. Engstrand	1:16:28	1:16:28	
Chico V. Graves	1:16:31	1:16:31	
Chico V. Graves	1:16:31	1:16:31	
Myer	1:16:35	1:16:35	
Myer	1:16:35	1:16:35	
Myer	1:16:35	1:16:35	

Myer P. G. Fitch did not finish.

ALL BOATS OVER 45 FT. RATING—START 2:13—COURSE, 8 MILES

Boat	Owner	Time	Corrected
Marion B.	1:16:21	1:16:21	
Stewart IV	1:16:25	1:16:25	
Trixie G. Engstrand	1:16:28	1:16:28	
Chico V. Graves	1:16:31	1:16:31	
Chico V. Graves	1:16:31	1:16:31	
Myer	1:16:35	1:16:35	
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Chico V. Graves	1:16:31	1:16:31	
Myer	1:16:35	1:16:35	
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Chico V. Graves	1:16:31	1:16:31	
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